WILT THOU NOT SING?
ALICE HARRIMAN

UCSB LIBRARY
X-52453
California

p. 92, etc

1st Edn
Pub Phil. $3—

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/wiltthounotsingb00harriala

OTHER BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A Man of Two Countries.

Chaperoning Adrienne Through the Yellowstone.

Stories of Montana.

Songs o' the Sound.

Songs o' the Olympics.

Lemon Juice (Col.).

Redcoat and Redskin (in press).

WILT THOU NOT SING?

A BOOK OF VERSES

BY

ALICE HARRIMAN

NEW YORK
THE ALICE HARRIMAN COMPANY

Copyright, 1912
By ALICE HARRIMAN

THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED
TO THE MEN
WHO HAVE TAUGHT ME

A WORD

The poetry of Alice Harriman reflects the heart of things in our great West. She writes verses that have all the largeness, the simplicity, the strength of the Nature whose moods she reflects. Her themes are never subtle, complex. They lack what is called in the jargon of this subject "universality." One must be unjaded and a youth in spirit to appreciate such lines.

It is not easy for any poet in this sardonic and sophisticated age to feel emotions sincerely, with no histrionic self-consciousness. It is because she has retained the child-likeness of inspiration that Alice Harriman can give us verses like a draught from the cup of the Nature she knows so intimately. Hers is a voice from the heart of that tremendous West of which we have all heard, for which we all long. We are a breed that flocks to cities, knowing little or nothing of the high mountains, the far horizons. Mrs. Harriman brings us the soul of these things. She diffuses it.

One is tempted to compare her with the poets of the Lake school. They drew from the sweet and tender Nature of which they were lovers. They had more art, more polish. But they had not and they knew not — I am speaking of the school, and not of any one poet — the vastness of Nature in our West, the largeness of vision which was our Whitman's. They were not easily appreciated; but they arrived. And the work of Mrs. Harriman, the Amer-

ican, a representative one in the interpretation of Nature here, will make its way.

There are lines here and there in the verses which sound other depths. Yet those too are inspired by the same moods. We see into a soul to which Nature has spoken solemnly and very beautifully. But the "note" is distinctly American always. Possibly some would deem it provincial. But it is that with all the sublime provincialism of Homer.

ALEXANDER HARVEY

THE POEM YOU WANT TO FIND IS ON PAGE

Wilt Thou not Sing? 1
The Siwash 2
The Prairies 3
A Vagabond 4
In Friendship's Guise 6
The Cry of the Childless 7
In the Hop Fields 9
The Timber Cruiser 10
An Alaska Widow 11
The Keeper of the Light 12
Mt. Baker 13
Mother o' Mine 14
The Day's Work 15
Cradle Song 16
Totem Poles 17
From an Indian Battlefield 18
A Letter from Alaska 20
Keats 21
Endymion 22
My Mother's Letters 23
The Village Funeral 24
The Reunion 25
Seattle 26
In Country Calm 27

PAGE

LINCOLN 28
MELPOMENE 30
I'M NOT ALONE 31
THE WATERFRONT 32
THE GOD OF LOVE 34
IMMORTELLES 35
DREAMS O' THE PAST 36
WHEEL, GRAY GULL 38
TACOMA 39
PROFANITY 40
IN OBERAMMERGAU 42
OUR BATTLESHIPS 44
SILENCE 45
BALLADE TO A POET 46
REGRADING 48
GROUPS OF SONGS 49
LONGING 50
DESPAIR 51
ECSTASY 52
WAITING 53
OUT ON THE DREAMLAND SEA 54
SONGS O' THE WEST 56
THE GAME 58
A WEE, WILD FLOWER 59
THE WINEPRESS 60
ALASKA 61
THE MOUNTAIN OF THE SOUND 62
ABANDONED CLAIMS 63
SAILING BY 64
WHEN ROBINS COME 65
THE ALASKAN'S DREAM 66
BELOW THE DEAD LINE 67
COUNTRY ROADS 68

PAGE

The Tempest 69
Christmas on the Sound 70
His Last Cigar 71
The Bashful Coon 72
The Far West and New York 74
In the Garden of the Vatican 76
For a Guest Book 79
Undaunted 80
Desire 82
Gemini 83
Dreaming of You 84
Bells of Hope 85
The Nightingale 86
A Viking of the Prairies 87
Old Home Week 88
God's Mystery 90
The Nymph of Goldstream 91
California Poppies 92
The Street Walker 93

WILT THOU NOT SING?

WILT thou not sing, my Muse, sing soft to me,
Some haunting song of love in minor key?
In subtler strain than hath been heretofore
Sung through the ages of the poet's lore
Of charmèd nights and prisoned hearts set free.

Sing the soul's song as sings the sun-drawn bee;
Sing as the dryad in the sheathèd tree;
Sing as the ocean to the list'ning shore —
Wilt thou not sing?

Then will my heart uplift as doth the sea
When Luna lures it with her mystery:
To know thou canst, like skylark, swiftly soar
And shower thy music in divine outpour —
O Muse of mine, give me this ecstacy!
Wilt thou not sing?

THE SIWASH

STOLID he sits, the Siwash of the Sound,
Hard by the corner of the city's street
And heeds not any halt of hurrying feet
Before his outspread mats and baskets browned
And crude (such curious, patterned weaves abound
They make his tribal art unique, complete);
And if you turn to go, no tones entreat,
And if you buy, he sells in calm profound.

The hustling white men look with fullest scorn
Upon the unkempt wanderer, silent, grave;
And few there are who pause to meditate
Or pity give the Indians who were born
To learn their day is past. Why speak? Why slave? —
The Siwash struggles not against his fate!

THE PRAIRIES

Sight

THE great high plains they weary me,
They eerie be, they dreary be.
The distances seem boundless, far
From verge to verge as star from star.
The silences weight me with fright
(O lonely day! more lonely night!);
The winds that sweep the grassy sea
Sound dismal to the last degree:
I gaze and find — vacuity!

Insight

The great high plains are dear to me,
Sincere to me, are near to me.
The solitudes hold peace intense,
A thousand flow'rs breathe sweet incense.
The silences sing Nature's rune,
The morning stars pulse into noon.
The sky-rimmed range soothes world-sick me,
I thank my God I've lived to see
Intensity, Immensity!

A VAGABOND

THE sunset fires burn eerily,
Behind the long Olympic Range;
And while the busy street below
Is filled with crowds that come and go,
A faery sail wafts me to sea,—
To those far summits, white and strange.

The sunset flushes ocean wide,
Beyond the plumed Olympian heights
(How far away the restless street,
Where many linger in defeat!).
With high ideals as pilot, guide,
Truth beckons me, and Love invites.

The sunset tarries, waits for me,—
Waits till I reach the utmost crest
(How far away the sleeping town
Where once I walked with head bowed down!).
In this ethereal air I'm free,
Nor care for aught that brings unrest.

On! Far beyond the curve of Earth,
Enwrapped in palest daffodil,
My crescent craft makes swift advance
Through Milky Way of Pure Romance.
No thing of dingy street has worth,
When I can Song from stars distil.

A VAGABOND

Too soon the East grows vaguely wan
And I return — a vagabond.
Who, of the early passers-by,
Would dream from magic casement I
Each might roam, like Endymion,
The high Olympics — and beyond?

IN FRIENDSHIP'S GUISE

I THOUGHT them friends, when, journeying on life's way
I fell among them in a crowded place
Nor hoped to see a kindly, smiling face
Among the throng that passed by night and day.
Yet while I stood, aloof, forlorn, a gay
Salute was given. Another, with much grace
Begged that I quaff from friendship's golden vase
The wine of life — and each one bade me stay.

And now bereft am I! Not one, but all
Connived to rob — conspired in friendship's guise.
So deftly did each comrade play his part
I could not one, with surety, 'fore a justice haul
And say: "This is the one!" What was their prize?
They stole — these friendly ones — they stole my heart!

THE CRY OF THE CHILDLESS

"Would that I had a son,"
My lonely heart cries out:
"Would that I had a son!"

I DARE not, dare not think of the supreme content
Which would have flooded me (if I had been so blessed),
While close he lay beneath my heart, as yet unborn,
And I, with eager hopes and high, dreamed on, and on.
Almost I now can see his tiny hands clutching
My full, white breast and feel my life flow into his
As I, with eyes o'erful, gaze down at his smiling
At me in baby innocence.

A son! A son!
Grown tall, surpassing fair (Lord, why was I denied?);
With firm, yet tender mouth and eyes like April's dawns;
With softest, thickest hair waving away from —
Yes,
A poet's thoughtful brow.

This is my yearning cry!
A son who would fulfill my every hope, my dreams;
Who, in youth's virile strength, would his conception give
To all he drew from me.
And I would soothe the pain
That comes to those born when Fate's shuttle flies:
When Genius' pangs scourged deep I'd comfort him; caress,
Console, uplift, inspire; and kiss the hurt away
From his bruised heart until he'd lie, with grief assuaged,

As when, a little child, he ran unto my arms.
Then would he rise, new-born, and snatch from heavens' high stars
Their whitest, purest fire and set the world aflame —
This son of mine!

"Would that I had a son,"
My lonely heart cries out:
"Would that I had a son!"

IN THE HOP FIELDS

THE golden, sickle moon slips down the west,
But I, of all the pickers, find no rest
While blossomed, feath'ry sprays of hops entwine
And wave from fragrant-bannered, trellised vine.
Down aisles o' pale green
Look I, through leaf-screen:
Watch I, obedient to the night's behest.

A wanderer I! Why 'gainst the world enveigh?
(Oh, drowsy-odored night, regrets allay!)
Why should aught else but husks to me be thrown?
A man shall reap what he, himself, has sown —
Down aisles o' pale green
Faint flush o' rose seen
Foretells, with paling stars, the coming day.

THE TIMBER CRUISER

FAR from the haunts of men I take my way
With shouldered pack, and trusty axe in hand.
The Spirit of the Forest gives command
To one pave-sick, and gladly I obey.
A thousand breezes, aromatic, stray
Where cedars, pines and hemlocks, green-crowned, stand:
And memories stir as hoary trees are scanned,
For spirit winds my psychic senses sway.

Within these darkling depths I hear a call
And Commerce fades, for faintly down the wind
A voice assails my ear as long ago.
Once more a weeping Ariel, tree-enthralled,
Begs for release, by hoop-bent witch confined —
Not Timber Cruiser I; but Prospero!

AN ALASKA WIDOW

"LOVE: can you feel how ceaselessly my heart
Cries out for you as yours for me, I know,—
I, safe at home; you, in Alaska's snow?
At every shrill-voiced news-boy's cry I start
Fearing — I know not what! And closed eyes smart
With tears unshed. The wealth you would bestow
I pay for, dearest, in the hours slow
Which I endure while we are far apart."

A woman's cry, however much of truth
She hides from those too prone to gibes and sneers.
The North, like Shylock, for each ounce of gold
Demands from debtors toll of strength and youth;
Then, not content, nor yet to be cajoled
Exacts as usury a woman's tears!

THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

TREMBLING and worn the keeper of the Light
Stands on the steps, shading with palsied hand
His sunken eyes; gazing past wide, wet sand
For the New Keeper, coming at midnight.
His life he spent within this tower slight
Between two oceans which no eye has scanned;
And for those souls who drifted toward this land
He kept the lamps well trimmed and burning bright.

Lo! On a tossing boat the beacon gleams,
And soon a gallant youth springs on the beach
Bearing a gift — a wreath of Asphodel:
He might the man's son be, so like he seems.
"All hail!" the Keeper cries. "This I beseech:
Guard well the Light, for I must go. Farewell!"

MT. BAKER

NEAR to a mountain top I stood,
Ambition urging on, all else forgot,
To win applause for daring and for strength.
I'd passed great jagged rocks, and danger points
Of deep crevasse or snowslides swift as death;
While sleet and storm raged o'er, with icy blast.
The summit gained, an awful knowledge grew
Of jostling throngs below, content with ease,
Who mocked, or jeered, or thought of me no more —
O, dread and bleak the height,
Alone, Alone!

But in the world where folly rules the hour,
Or creed or crime binds fast the inert ones;
Where clutching hands hold fast to bramble briars,
Or gibes and taunts sting keen as driving hail,—
The soul that strives, like toiling mountaineer
To rise above Life's mediocrity,
Stands, breathless, strong, his hard-won victory
Blazing the way for others who aspire.
What if he live or die? His work remains,
And as his soul goes on to other heights
He's not alone!

MOTHER O' MINE

MOTHER o' Mine: Let close thine arms enfold
On my birthnight! Sayst thou I was foretold
By seer and star? A wondrous mystery
The Wise Men thought to solve on finding me,
As, bearing gifts, they came o'er hill and wold.

They called me Prince of Peace — O, mother, see!
The moonlight falls athwart the quiet lea
In sinister shadow . . . *Thy very lips are cold* —
Mother o' Mine!

Now on the Mount of Olives, gray and old,
Lies that fell shadow, gaunt and bold.
O, hold me close as I sit on thy knee;
I fear that outline of the wind-tossed tree,—
That uncut tree I'll bear to Calvary —
Mother o' Mine!

THE DAY'S WORK

HUNGRY, the whelps whine by my mate and tease:
For food I go! With stealthy step explore
This canyon with its torrent's roar;
Crouch, creep, and spring (a scent comes on the breeze!);
Tear, kill and drag; craunch, blood-stained, at my ease,
Mine own around me, gnawing on the floor
Of our retreat 'til we can eat no more —
Then watchful peace beneath the wind-swept trees.

The Day's Work lies behind me! Haste, my feet,
To the dear ones who on my strength rely,
From roaring canyon of the city's street
Where men rend men for what each man would gain.
No beast of prey has conscience! Would that I
Could joy in victory — and forget the slain!

CRADLE SONG

GO TO sleep, my darling!
Go to sleep, my darling!
The breeze is thy father, the white wave thy mother,
And thou art the one that believes them.
Now — the night breeze is swinging, a-swinging, a-swinging,
Now — the night breeze is swinging, a-swinging, a-swinging,
Go — go to sleep.
O! The white wave confesses the breeze's caresses,
And thou art the one that beholds them.

Go to sleep, my darling!
Go to sleep, my darling!
The starlight's thy father, the rose is thy mother,
And thou art the one that believes them.
Now — the rosebush is swinging, a-swinging, a-swinging,
Now — the rosebush is swinging, a-swinging, a-swinging,
Go — go to sleep.
O! The rosebush confesses she longs for caresses,
And thou art the one that receives them.

Go to sleep, my darling!
Go to sleep, my darling!
My Dear One's thy father, I'm thy happy mother,
And thou art the star to guide them.
Slow — thy cradle is swinging, a-swinging, a-swinging,
S-l-o-w — thy cradle is swinging, a-swinging, a-swinging,
Go — g-o — to — s-l-e-e-p.
O! Here cometh thy father, he loveth thy mother,
And thou art asleep beside them!

TOTEM POLES

THLINGITS' queer Totem Poles, ugly, uncouth
Represent what they were told in their youth
Of tribal history — fiction and fact
They accept fully; nor add nor subtract.

Why should we ridicule, think very droll
Indian legends and carved totem pole,
When we, in blindness, are equally odd
In misconceptions of life and of God?

FROM AN INDIAN BATTLEFIELD

THOU dainty rose, so sweet, with tender bud,
Where thou wast plucked, hath been the scene of blood.

In brave array thy mates deck all the land
Where, long ago, roamed many an Indian band.

The wild, free life that once the Red Man knew,
Was simple as thine own, 'neath sun and dew.

Careless and free, no piteous shade of doom
Obscured their lives with fatal, fateful gloom.

E'en as the plow uproots thy stalk and stem,
Leaving thee withering, dead — so 't was with them:

Torn from their haunts, they knew not where to fly;
Robbed of their own, they knew naught but to die.

Hath all the warm, red blood shed in that fight,
Enriched and nourished thee — thou wild rose bright?

Both Red and White men's blood in thee have share,
Changed but in form their lives — and thou art fair!

Art thou the token of a higher life?
Wast born to shadow forth the end of strife?

May it be so! Beneath the heavens' blue
Send forth thy fragrance 'til the dream comes true

Of Brotherhood of Man. This thought, with thee,
Comes from that awful battlefield to me!

A LETTER FROM ALASKA

UP HERE, my dear ones, it is Christmas night;
Up here is the land o' gold;
And Santy has taken his Southward flight,—
Santy, who never grows old.

Up here is where millions of sparkles glow,
Strung thick on a white moonbeam;
Up here Christmas spangles are made, you know,—
Spangles that glimmer and gleam.

Up here there are colors of green and gold,—
Up here in the Northern sky;
Up here there are babies that mothers hold —
O, to hear your lullaby!

This life is worth living, my babes, my wife,
Up here in the land of gold;
But to-night I would give ten years o' my life
If my arms could each enfold.

KEATS

DEAR Keats: Tiptoe upon what little hill
Art thou? Doth still thy poet fancy's flight
Circle the furthest stars with wings of light?
Doth tremble now with conscious power to trill
Sweet as a skylark, clear as mountain rill
Of myrtle vales, wreath'd clouds and spangled night;
St. Agnes' Eve; divine Endymion's plight;
And dost thou yet pure melody distil?

Where'er thou art, far from thy Roman tomb,
Mayst thou retain of earthly love and pain
Only the sweetness, as the Hybla bee
Culls only honey from some poisonous bloom;
And know, though feeling thou hadst writ in vain,
That we still read, and love, and cherish thee.

ENDYMION

SINCE that far time when on Mount Latmos' slope
Ye drowsed by waters clear, on daffodils,
What wanderings have ye known; what loves' fierce thrills
Than those Diana caused, as, ye asleep,
She bent o'er thee with an imperial sweep
From crescent car low-hung above the hills,
And kissed thine eyes awake to all the ills
And pangs of love,— its joy and rapture deep?

Ah, Sweet, forgive me! I care not to know
Thy ways since we so loved in ancient Greece.
Yet would I ease the pain most plainly seen
In thy clear eyes at times — that look of woe.
Would I might press soft lips of balm — bring peace
As when thou wert a god, and I, Night's Queen!

MY MOTHER'S LETTERS

EACH week I get a long letter
From mother, with homey news;
How the cat has had new kittens
Or the church has had new pews.

She tells of work she is doing
(I wish I could do as much!);
And ever and through each letter,
Her love, and the mother-touch.

Of late years the letters are changing:
It always fills me with dread
To note how often she mentions
That someone we knew is dead.

Some day I will get a letter,
I'll know there's sorrow in store:
Another will write me, saying,
"Your mother will write no more."

And then my heart will be broken,
No more my mother I'll see.
O God! Make my heart-ache lighter!
Can't she write from heaven to me?

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL

THERE'S crape on the door
And the shades are drawn:
There's a hush through the house,
And men in the yard.
There are many chairs
Brought by neighborly hands
And flowering plants
And a sprig of scented leaf and wreathes
To lay on the dead.
And the mourners sit
While the Elder reads;
And the clock ticks loud
And the choir sings
As the kindly folk pass singly by
To gaze on the one
So solemnly still.
Then the long line crawls
Through the village street
To the bough-lined grave
And the waiting spade.
Then home:
To the empty house
With the shades pushed up
And the chairs in place;
The table set
And a fire built —
Oh, the ache in the throat
And the pang of the heart!

THE REUNION

" You damned ol' Yank! " says he.
" You Johnny Reb! " says I.

AN' THAR we laid at Chattanoogy cussin' sum,
While bullets whistled past jes' like a bee-hive's hum;
An' nary one c'u'd move, fer both of us was shot —
He in the laigs an' I — all you, as like as not
Have saw that I'm a little shy o' laigs, myself,
But still I ain't by no means put upon the shelf.
Wall, as I started out to tell: We laid thar hours
Beneath the brilin' sun — thar warn't no shady bowers
Within a hunned miles. I got to know his face
So's I would know it if I seen it any place;

An' as he had no better thing to do, he glared
At me an' we both thought, 'til help come, we was paired
To die fer sure. I never thought o' him agin
Until to-day — Memorial Day. I caught a grin
Jes' as we'd put some flowers on a Johnny's grave;
An' thar he was, in gray, on crutches — but still brave!
An' smiles broke out a-tween us thick as chickenpox —
I wisht ye'd hearn the cheers when hands we locks!

" You damned ol' Yank! " says he.
" You Johnny Reb! " says I.

SEATTLE

DENSE, dense, through countless years, the forest grew,—
Cedar and maple, mountain ash and firs,—
And none there lived who were interpreters
Of what it whispered as the night winds blew,
Or dreamed that hillside trails the wild deer knew
Were of wide thoroughfares the forerunners.
And ne'er upon the Sound came voyagers
In larger bark than the Siwash canoe.

Behold! Where moaned the trees their coming fate,
A spreading city lies 'twixt lake and sea.
Where hunter followed game tracks dank and dim,
Commerce and culture touch glass rim to rim.
Where Indian fished, lie world-ships filled with freight—
Seattle, splendid, sired by Destiny!

IN COUNTRY CALM

FROM cities' din I set my feet,
There struggling millions strive, compete,
From flaunted sin, from hollow psalm,
From solitude of crowded street,
I gladly turn to country calm.

No more the stress, the toil, alarm,
If they be cost of laurel, palm.
No loud acclaim nor long-sought seat
Among Fame's few could e'er give balm,
Nor tempt me the pain to repeat.

Would I could live my life complete
Where myriad blossoms cluster sweet;
Where birds, cloud-shadows, hill and farm
Inspire my heart, defy defeat,
And uplift with the country calm.

LINCOLN

A WOMAN thought to write an ode
On Lincoln; for her heart o'erflowed
At thought of all he'd been to men
Or black or white, or now or then.
But as she wrote, her watching boys
Asked: "Did his birthday bring him toys?"

Of bitter poverty she told,
Of puncheon floors and biting cold.
Then softly bade them go and play
While she her message wrote for aye.
But ere she wrote another line:
"Say, mother: Did he never whine?"

Once more she laid her pen aside,
And simply told how hard he tried
To make himself a man of worth,
Nor hindered be by lowly birth.
She spoke of gibes, nor once foresaw:
"I'd like to hit 'em on their jaw!"

With smiling lips but tearful glance,
She told of every circumstance
To show his heart, bred from the soil,
Bled for the nation, in turmoil.
How, though he played with little Tad,
His eyes were somber, lips were sad.

Much more she told, then sent them out
To run and play with joyous shout,
The while she quelled her heart's desire,
And mended stockings by the fire.
The household tasks must fill her days
And be her meed, not poet's bays!

But, as she worked, an instant's pause,
Made her care not for men's applause.
For, underneath the window-sill,
Her lads were talking Lincoln still.
"No greater man," said one, "than he!"
"Say, brother: Let's be like him — *gee!*"

MELPOMENE

THE Muses nine I bore Olympian Jove:
Clio and Thalia and the queen of song,
As well as Terpsichore dancing through the throng
For whom Erato played. One daughter strove
To write heroic verse within Parnassian grove
While other two in argument waxed strong
On words and stars. Not one of these I wrong
To leave until the last (our souls are interwove)

Melpomene, born when the lightning's heat
Fused in love's crucible all heaven and hell,—
While thunders rolled yet still the rainbow's hues
Gave hope of calm.— Her destiny complete
She ever reaches heights, and depths as well,
Where none compare with her, the tragic Muse.

I'M NOT ALONE

I'M NOT alone, though some may think me so
Whom I care not my inner life to know.
They only see the masks that hide my heart,—
The one I wear when in Life's busy mart,
Or Folly's guise, concealing pain below.

How can they know, or be they friend or foe,
My spirit soars, light as a thistle-blow
When I am most alone,—when most apart,
I'm not alone.

In solitude I read thy words, aglow
With fire Olympian gods sometimes bestow.
I hear thy voice, vibrant with subtle art
That charms, enthralls. Ay, reading thus, I start
To meet thy lips, so near they seem — Ah, no,
I'm not alone!

THE WATERFRONT

WHAT see ye as ye look abroad, along the city's wall,
Where man hath leveled hills for gain and razed the forests tall?
Where many doubt there be a God; where sailors fight and brawl
Along the city's waterfront,
The waterfront, the waterfront,
Where harbor lights, through murk and gloom, hold tides and thee in thrall.

I see me miles and miles o' streets, and miles o' wharves there be,
Where, 'stead o' craft of Indian make, lie ships from over sea;
And jeweled javelins pierce night's waves that lap, oh, tranquilly
Along the city's waterfront,
The waterfront, the waterfront,
Where man hath worked his problems out an' it were destiny.

What see ye as ye look abroad, along the city's wall?
While yonder women, pale and wan, make moan and weep and call
For husbands on ships long o'erdue, men run and pull and haul
Along the city's waterfront,
The waterfront, the waterfront,
At one who makes to drown herself, her shame thus to forestall.

THE WATERFRONT

I see the sunset's tender rose the busy wharves enfold;
I see me gallant ships come home, laden with Northern gold.
I see strong men leap from the decks and love once more is told
Along the city's waterfront,
The waterfront, the waterfront,
And every eye with joy is wet, as happy wives they hold.

What see ye as ye look abroad, along the city's wall,
But bartering of greed and sin, warehouses, large and small?
Through driving rain the harbor lights show dimly through night's pall
Along the city's waterfront,
The waterfront, the waterfront,
Where derelicts o' men and ships loom ghastly as they crawl.

This see I by the harbor lights that gleam through driving rain:
I see the City Beautiful, where men from sin abstain
And Brotherhood means far, far more than empty words and vain.
Along the city's waterfront,
The waterfront, the waterfront,
I see me visions fair to see when Love alone shall reign.

THE GOD OF LOVE

THE god of love came by
As I sat dreaming in my bow'r.
He looked on me, O happy hour!—
An arrow swift can fly.

The god of love came by
Nor thought from wounding to refrain.
My heart was pierced, O joy! O pain!
Love is to laugh and cry.

The god of love came by
(Coming and going in a breath).
Now welcome life; now welcome death,
For love, sweet love, know I!

IMMORTELLES

A TINY seed lay buried 'neath a clod,—
A clod whose weight was heavy on its heart
As that great stone, of Jesus' tomb a part.
All heaven's tears fell on the dull, cold sod,
While many a footstep passed and weary trod
Where it lay prisoned in Life's busy mart:
Yet still it hoped that it might upward start
And grow to bud and bloom — a smile of God.

Thou, too, my soul! Look up, nor be averse
To casting off clods wet with heartsick tears.
No more in mortal darkness need ye grope:
Know that the power that fills the universe
Is thy birthright instead of doubts and fears
And Immortelles will bloom — The Flowers of Hope.

DREAMS O' THE PAST

MOTHER at her spinning wheel, father on the hill;
This is what I oft recall, and I see at will
Billowy summer clouds that drift, and the ambient air
Scents new-mown hay spicily, for June, O June, is fair!
School is out, the tasks are done; now for home and play,
Chasing yellow butterflies, whiling hours away.

When I seek my mother dear, when my play is done,
Through the attic window small, shines the westering sun.
Under rafters gray with age, soon I see her gown,
Flecked with fluffy bits of wool, light as thistle-down.
Silvery yarn on spindle bright, she is guiding, smooth —
Memories crowding as I dream, pain and sorrow soothe.

Rich and brown the spinning wheel; firm each queer, sprawled leg;
High are piled the fleecy rolls, on the forward peg.
Back and forth my mother steps, humming soft and slow,
Whirs the wheel crescendo loud, then she whirs it low.
Oh, the picture that she made, in that attic dim —
I shall see while life endures, hear her quaint old hymn!

Now a roll is taken up, joined with dext'rous twist,
Not a pause in whirling wheel, not a step is missed.
Carded fleece, a long day's work, lies before her high
(No such yarn as mother spun can modern shops supply!).
Steps she near and steps she far, with a stately tread,
Holding firm the fine-drawn wool, up above her head.

DREAMS OF THE PAST

Martins in the martin-house, robins, bob-o-links,
Sing and trill so loud and sweet, while scythe and snath clinks.
Apple-blows and locust-bloom send their perfumes high,
Pennyroyal, caraway, and rhubarb grow nigh.
Father mowing on the hill, mother at the wheel —
Pictures of the long ago, from the twilight steal.

Goldthread and thoroughwort, lobelia, burdock leaves,
Tansy, sage, and spearmint hang, dried, beneath the eaves.
Commonsense and roots and herbs — these were good for ills;
Farmer-folk like us, you know, ne'er knew doctor's pills.
Catch a cold or take a chill, mother steeps a drink —
I can taste the nauseous quaff, as I sit and think!

Honey bees and bleating lambs work, or skip and play,
Father's in the mowing piece, busy making hay.
Tabby cat and kitties dear, welcomed as they come,
Lie and dream in sweet content, lulled by droning hum
Of the wheel, when mother spins, for her own dear brood —
How the wind outside to-night brings reminiscent mood!

Times have changed: the garret low holds the swifts and reel,
Here's the basket for the cats, there's the spinning wheel,
Still outside the posies blow, hums the drowsy bee,
But I hear no whirring wheel, scythe nor sickle see.
Father mows no more the hill; mother's task is o'er —
Yet through tears I see them still, as in days of yore.

WHEEL, GRAY GULL

WHEEL, gray gull, and scream in the wind!
Peer uncannily into the storm-racked sea!
What think'st thou to find beneath the waves?
My Love is not there; but O! he is dead — to me!

TACOMA

YEARS, eons, ago, when all the world was new,
A mountain's fir-green whitened to the sky,
The sunset's glow serving to sanctify
Monarchial majesty. A splendid view
Of forests, glades and leagues of waters blue
Lay at its base unscanned by human eye;
And forest-feet in stealthy passing by
Was all of life save as the wild birds flew.

Still stands the Sentinel, magnificent,
Watching, o'er solitudes no more,
Where Nature spreads her gifts, munificent!
The sea-gulls scream — world-ships load heavily
From mills and marts built on the hills and shore,—
Tacoma! Watch it! City of Destiny!

PROFANITY

WHEN the preacher took for his text one morn the words "Swear not at all!"
In the deacon's pew sat two well-dressed men,— Grimes and his brother, Paul.
And the deacon sighed as the priest went on to show the awful sin
Of profanity, and he hoped good heed were taken by his kin.

As they stood on the curb when church was o'er, old Grimes discoursed amain,
And the sermon good got his highest praise, its need was his refrain:
"There are far too few who are not profane!" (he sighed most piously)
"And I wish that you'd take that text to heart — the bonds that tie us — see?"

But Paul heard not, for he spied a horse, dock-tailed, checked high, steel bit,
And he clenched his fists and he cried "God damn" (the deacon near had a fit)
"The man who can torture a horse like that!"— The other then spoke he:
"You've disgraced us both by that hasty speech — that rig belongs to me!"

PROFANITY

Old Grimes mis-stepped as he raised his foot — the carriage step was low,
And he snarled with rage (for his corns were soft), "Golding, dod blast my toe!"

. . . . . .

When the pious Grimes and his brother Paul stand before the great I AM,
Would you bet on him who said "Gol ding!" or the one who cried "God damn!"

IN OBERAMMERGAU

IN OBERAMMERGAU the simple peasants make
Crosses and Christs of wood,— symbols of Christian creed;
Blacksmiths swing high their sledge; maids serve and spin and bake;
Life's homely tasks are done; none are in dire need
In Oberammergau.

In Oberammergau the guileless folk devout
Fulfil a vow once made,— kept as 't were made to-day!
With not a thought for praise; with highest art throughout;
With sincere piety; give they the Passion Play
In Oberammergau.

In Oberammergau the children hope to be
Chosen some day the Christ, John, or the Mary mild.
High is the standard held (lo! the world comes to see)
Even for Judas' kiss, e'en for those who reviled —
In Oberammergau.

In Oberammergau the hours are hushed and still
While, 'neath the summer's sky, held is the quickened breath;
Clasped are the tensioned hands; men sob and women thrill,
As reverently is giv'n Christ's life and dreadful death
In Oberammergau.

In Oberammergau the twilight brings belled kine;
The players doff their robes and sit in tranquil peace

'Round frugal board; then work, 'til, bowing toward the shrine
Their toil-worn hands have carved, they seek sleep's sweet release
In Oberammergau.

In Oberammergau — Ah! they've the lesson learned
That hidden is to those who watch with blasé mien;
Not by the Passion Play; but by the black bread earned
Do they portray the Word taught by the Nazarene —
In Oberammergau.

OUR BATTLESHIPS

FROM earliest time man, with his fellow man
Has fought for lust, for gain, on land and sea;
Fought with his naked hands or branch of tree;
Or, from some hollow trunk, a boat began
To hollow, that would further still his clan
In conquest. Ages passed, less peacefully
As he increased still more war's panoply,
Nor thought of Brotherhood as God's great plan.

But now, how changed! With every new device
On shore or sea to further war's alarm,
Our country takes the lead to bring surcease
Of tears and broken hearts — war's awful price!
Around the world our flag will strife disarm,
Floating from ships of — war? No! Ships of Peace!

SILENCE

WHEN one we love with Charon doth embark
How chill the air, how wide the Styx appears,
And pitiless the silence as we strain our ears
To catch a breath from out the awful dark
That stuns, appals. The stellar spaces stark
Must be less void of sound than that which sears
Our very souls as we cry out with tears
For one more gleam from Life's extinguished spark.

But if on earth lives one, who, passive grown,
Shows by indifference that love's on the wane,
Blacker the darkness, wider the abyss,
More dread the stillness as we walk alone,
Than that which closes 'round Death's chilling train,—
The silence of the grave sweet solace were to this!

BALLADE TO A POET

IF your stomach shrinks and your purse is lean
On the Western slope or in Boston's clime,
When you peer around and there isn't a bean —
It is then you must think of a perfect rhyme
Or your chance is poor for a hot bird prime
And a bottle cold and — oh, well, you know! —
But whatever you sing, of love, or lime,
It is best not to tinge it with indigo.

If your clothes get thin and bag at the knees
And they're frayed below and they show the grime
Of a year of wear (O, the looks of these!)
It is then you must think of a perfect rhyme
Or your chance is poor for a good old time
On a girl-strewn beach or a portico —
But whatever you sing with a yearnful chime
It is best not to tinge it with indigo.

If the girl you love rides with Joe or Bill
And you long to commit some awful crime;
To annihilate, or to maim or kill,
It is then you must think of a perfect rhyme
Or your chance is poor for the upward climb
To a seat next her on the tally-ho.
But whatever you sing her of love sublime
It is best not to tinge it with indigo.

BALLADE TO A POET

ENVOY

If poet you'd be, lover, paradigm,
It is then you must think of a perfect rhyme.
But whatever you sing, for love, for dough,
It is best not to tinge it with indigo.

REGRADING

AS some great city, building for its needs,
Regrades the hills and levels where it must,
Strong, unrelenting, when one intervenes
For tree or home,— so may we understand,
As love, hearthstone, belief in man-made creeds
(The landmarks of our lives), are swept away,
That only thus can we build firm and true
The structure of our souls that God has planned.

GROUP OF SONGS

For Music

LONGING
DESPAIR
ECSTASY

LONGING

I WALKED in the garden cool and dim
Where the birds were singing their vesper hymn.
I walked in the paths hung with roses sweet,
Waiting and longing my love to greet —
But she was not there,
She was not there!

I listened long to the whippoorwill
Where his song entranced in the garden still.
I listened long to the whispering breeze,
As I waited Love 'neath the sighing trees —
But she was not there,
She was not there!

I waited my love the long, long night,
The sleepy birds twittered, the stars were bright.
The roses were heavy, with dew were wet,
My heart was heavy, I could not forget —
But she was not there,
She was not there!

DESPAIR

ON shining sands of occan where the sunset's rays are glowing,
Where the little waves are coaxing and the breakers dash in foam;
Is she coming in the glory? She will hear the old, old story,
She will find my heart is waiting, waiting here to take her home.

On the shore and in the twilight when the autumn winds are blowing,
When the clouds are drifting o'er me and the new moon hides her face;
When the sea gulls scream and hover, over me, a patient lover,
Will my love come forth to meet me by her mercy, by her grace?

Comes the storm and comes the darkness, all my heart's distress I'm knowing;
For God's kindness seems withholden on the sea and on the shore.
And I wander, broken-hearted — we forever more are parted,
I shall see my love, no never, I shall look for her no more.

ECSTASY

IN forest aisles I walk, in sore defeat,
From garden fair, from ocean's ceaseless beat,
Into a world where nature's myriads teem,
And bosky dusk is broken by chance gleam
Of filtering sunlight as leaves part and meet.

When hark! I hear a sound of running feet;
I hear a voice call me,— beseech, entreat;
I scarce can raise mine eyes —'t is but a dream
In forest aisles.

Yet never bird gave note so passing sweet!
Yet never rose can with this face compete!
Like sun-kissed waves these eyes the storm redeem
And all my anguish turns to bliss supreme
For lo! My Love comes — *Comes!* O joy complete
In forest aisles.

WAITING

TEA-KETTLE, tea-kettle, sing me a song,
So that the time will not seem quite so long,
'Til someone comes up the lane whom we know,—
Someone, dear kettle, who's just a bit slow.

Tea-kettle — s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!

Tea-kettle, tea-kettle, pleasant thy hum,
'Twill not be long, I am sure, ere he come!
Sing 'til he comes; then boil briskly for tea —
O, if he'd only ask briskly for me!

Tea-kettle — s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!

Tea-kettle, tea-kettle, hear'st his cart?
Which sings the loudest now, thou or my heart?
Thou'rt boiling over! Sure, that is a sign
He's going to ask me! My own sweetheart — mine!

OUT ON THE DREAMLAND SEA

OUT on the dreamland sea! Out on the dreamland sea!
Ah, only to glide on Sleep's restful tide,
Out on the dreamland sea.

Oh, some set sail from a sheltered bay
(Forget-me-nots cluster there),
With a good-night kiss and a fond caress
Of love, and a silent prayer.

Out on the dreamland sea! Out on the dreamland sea!
How sweet 't is to glide on Love's fullest tide,
Out on the dreamland sea.

But those who know of the secret ways,—
Remorse and its net'ling sting,
Meet angry waves and the tempest's roar,
No peace will their voyage bring.

Out on the dreamland sea! Out on the dreamland sea!
They dread to ride on Sleep's raging tide,
Out on the dreamland sea.

For those who start from a tear-washed strand
Is nothing but ecstasy;
They may meet their lost, past the harbor bar,—
Their lost on the dreamland sea.

OUT ON THE DREAMLAND SEA

Out on the dreamland sea! Out on the dreamland sea!
Of all who glide on Sleep's pulsing tide,
They go most happily!

SONGS O' THE WEST

Songs o' the West! The glorious West!
This land of boundless promise and illimitable achievements —
Heritage of the rich in strength and purposeful of soul —
I sing the West!

SONGS o' the West! Hear now the call
Of the Father of Waters! 'T is faint as the echo
Of fairy-bells when first it starts singing,
Growing loud and yet louder as majestic it rolls —
It sings o' the West!

A minor strain! Hush! Listen!
Canst hear the dying shriek of women and babes;
The howl of savages; the loud roar of fires,
Sweeping the West in long, long chords of pain?
Thank God, 't is stilled!

The major tones increase! Soft, summer breezes
Stir the vibrant harp of rip'ning harvests;
Ripple silk-tasseled corn and yellow wheat;
Cool the stream's flow for contented cattle —
A pastoral song!

Ringing hosannas! Harmonic thunders
Herald the geysers! Wagnerian discords
Throb into beauty as the Yellowstone
Plunges with rapture into its waiting, radiant canyon,
While over all the clear note of Old Faithful chants
The Song o' the West!

The psalm! the psalm! Tumultuous the sounds
As mighty rivers bear their part in Earth's canticle
Here toward the sun-setting! With glee and madrigal
Cascades and rills chime, silver-toned —
Vibrating symphony!

The beat of drums! Resonant the spray
Is flung on rocky cliff, on far-spread golden sands.
Lo! On Alaska's shores the deep-toned orchestra
Takes up the splendid theme —
The West! The West!

O Western Songs! Ye blend in one
Of throbbing life invigorating the soul!
Thy mountains, glaciers, islands, harbors deep;
Thy wide horizons reaching unto God
Uplift, inspire a listening Universe —
Songs o' the West!

THE GAME

"I WIN!" cried Death, with a triumphant grin.
"My body, yes; but not the soul within!"

A WEE, WILD FLOWER

A WEE, wild flower, uplifting winsome face
Upon a wind-blown crag, whose fretted base
Was wet with white-foamed, flying spray
Of eager river, hurrying on its way
To unknown shores, brought calm as by God's grace
To one who almost crushed, with heartsick pace
And eyes far-gazed (all hopeless to efface
The river's luring call by night and day) —
A wee, wild flower.

Its sweet content to live in lonely place
Soothed, as it bloomed nor cared for human race.
"Watch rivers madly rush," it seemed to say,
"To new delights; peace is for those who stay,
Nor long to blossom in some other space,
A wee, wild flower."

THE WINEPRESS

IF crushed must be each ardent hope of mine,
Make from them, Lord, Christ's sacramental wine!

ALASKA

AN old, old book one day was put on sale:
Bound in dead white, clasped with a seal of ice;
And, as 't was writ in unknown script, the price
Was thought too high, for none could read the tale.
To buy or not to buy? Which would prevail?
Since bought (to make my metaphor concise),
The search has been, oft with life's sacrifice,
To find its cryptic key — to no avail.

For years, long years, men turned the pages o'er
And hoped to solve Alaska's mystery.
Now have they found what wise men had foretold:
A word more potent than Magician's lore;
A word unlocking worlds, O magic key! —
On every page and line shines gold, gold, gold!

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE SOUND

Mt. Rainier

ALL day the soft, thick fog-bank hid from view
The hoary, massive Mountain of the Sound,
The while the bustling city's ceaseless round
Of toil and hopes and fears (as hours flew)
Went on. And none thought if the sky were blue
Or gray; or, far from din, peace could be found
And nooks where wild anemones abound,
And silences where man could faith renew.

And then came night,— soft-sailing, lovely night!
And as she came, a wind, o'er lapping tide,
Joined with the sinking sun and lo! the Slope
Of Splendor dazzled forth, a symbol bright
To uplift downcast souls; and, close beside,
Shone clear an evening star — a star of Hope!

ABANDONED CLAIMS

DREAR, yawning caves! On many a mountain ride
We pass abandoned claims where eager hope
Has dug and delved and mined with windlass, rope
And mighty dynamite — yea, even died
As day by day the luring task was tried
And tunnels run far in, and winze and stope
All timbered, in the candles' flare, to ope
The treasure-house men thought they'd find inside.

Goes out my heart to them,— these men unknown
Who worked for years for naught. With heaven-high aims
I, too, seek gold,— not from the earth, wide-sown
With veins of ore, but in myself. When Fame's
Assay is made what values will be shown —
Dear God! Will mine, then, be abandoned claims?

SAILING BY

SAILING by! Sailing by!
Ships that go down to the sea.
Low in the water and laden with freight,
Pilot aboard and a sturdy mate;
Sailing by under leaden sky
Ships that go down to the sea.

Sailing by! Sailing by!
Souls that go down to the sea.
Heavy with sorrow and burdened with pain,
Sighs for the wind and a teary rain;
Sailing by under leaden sky
Ships that go down to the sea.

Sailing by! Sailing by!
Ships that go down to the sea.
Into the sunset all flaming with gold,
Soul-ships a-sailing with hopes untold;
Sailing by under sunset sky
Ships that go down to the sea.

Sailing by! Sailing by!
Ships that go down to the sea.
Dangers are over and tempests are past,
Into God's harbor — O safe at last!
Sailing by to the Home on High,
Ships that go down to the sea.

WHEN ROBINS COME

AND here they are! The robins come a-flying,
The redbreasts that we've loved this many a year;
The welcome sight puts end to longing, sighing,
For lo! the winter's past, and spring is here!

And O! How gay the red on robin gleaming:
A flash of light — a sudden song — a start
Of joy to feel that every bird-note's teeming
With love's delight that's echoed in the heart.

And yet — the sign is sure! — we hear them calling;
They call at dusk — the robins call for rain:
Their plaint brings mem'ries deep while twilight's falling,
And then — a sudden splash on window-pane.

But tears and rain are April showers fleeting;
Smiles come as smiles the sun on field and fen.
The robins mate — how fast the heart is beating,
For when they mate my lover comes again!

THE ALASKAN'S DREAM

WHAT'S that you want — An interview?

Luck was agin me frum the fust
An' Christmas eve m' heart nigh bust
Thinkin' o' home without no tree,
Ner toys, ner food, ner — well, no *me!*
(Ye see the kids thought lots o' dad;
An' wife she'd say I wa'n't s' bad.)

I'd dug an' dug the frozen ground
But nary a nugget had I found.
Then I gin up; laid down to die,
Fer scurvy had me, hip an' thigh.
Wasn't I hungry? Yes, you *bet!*
I haint begun to git filled, yet!
An' so I dreamed o' Christmas stuff,
O' fillin' fixin's, an plum duff;
But wust of all a turkey browned
Wouldn't stay putt — flew to the ground
Without no wings ner feet ner head
(Ye c'n imagine what I sed!):
I got s' bilin' mad at last
I hit 'im one jes' as he passed —

An' I woke up a-strikin' out
With my ol' pick — Did ye say shout?
Ye bet I did! The gold was there —
You've interviewed a millionaire.

Dreams air queer things! Now ain't that true?

BELOW THE DEAD LINE

RAMSHACKLE houses;
Ramshackle lives:
Who-so takes toll from them
At sin connives.

COUNTRY ROADS

LONG, beaten stretches that man's needs have made,
The country roads zig-zag past vale, up hill.
At times a dusty path; sometimes by rill
Where rustic bridge is dappled with elm-shade,
And moonlight lances glint on man and maid
Whispering their love that's echoed by the trill
And haunting sweetness of the whip-o'-will
Pouring from bursting heart Love's Serenade.

Ah! Memory's mirror shows a country road
Where pass and repass thoughts of long ago:
Of hay-racks piled; of whistling lads; of long
Processions winding to the dead's abode;
Of summer noons; of winter's glist'ning snow;
Of One — O! softly sounds Love's Old, Sweet Song!

THE TEMPEST

WILD waves and wilder sky,
And wilder yet these gaunt, tall, swaying firs
Tossing their storm-wrenched branches eerily
As might some weird, uncanny sorcerers
Who would the storm defy.

Wild waves and wilder sky,
And wilder yet the tempest in my heart
That torments, tortures, tears, tumultuously,
And ever will while we two walk apart —
Would I might love defy!

CHRISTMAS ON THE SOUND

A BLUE, blue sky; a dash of mist,
A glimpse of Rainier, top sun-kissed.
A snow-capped range; a sparkling bay;
A growing city, glorious, gay —

We pity those who in their folly
Live where grows not the Christmas holly.

And Yuletide lovers? Bless their hearts!
The Christmas Spirit zest imparts.
This maid's soft cheek with roses bloom,
For Someone's entering the room —

We pity maids who in their folly
Hang not the mistletoe and holly.

"Peace, peace on earth, good will to men,"
Her song has a new meaning when
She stands beneath the mistletoe —
Unconscious? Well, we only know

We envy them their — no, not folly!
Kissing 'neath mistletoe and holly!

HIS LAST CIGAR

THANKS! Yes, a light. You're doing the right
Thing, sure. Sleep well? Oh, fair. The night
Seemed long . . . at times . . . and then . . . 'twas
short.
(Here comes the preacher to exhort!
Tell him to go. I will not say
That I repent . . . It's not my way!)

Say! Can't I be alone a bit?
Against the rules? Well, what of it?
You've stretched 'em once or twice before;
Be a good fellow . . . just once more!

God! But it's good to be alone:
To smoke . . . and dream . . . as I lie prone
And watch the rings I make displace
The one before . . . each frames a face!
Her face! Frail, frightened, fair
As when she hung on me to tear
Us two apart — to intercede.
But man's a savage . . . takes no heed . . .
And kills what's robbed him of his mate . . .

What's that you say? Five-forty-eight?

When the clock strikes I shall be far
From love . . . from hate . . . my last cigar.

THE BASHFUL COON

DAR'S Miss Ann Elizy
Settin' neath de trees,
She's de one I's wantin',—
O but she's a tease!
I's a-gwin' to ask her
('F I kin git de san')
'F she'll on'y le' me hol'
Her li'l black han'.

Sure, I's gwin' to ask her
('F I kin git de san')
'F she'll on'y le' me hol'
Her han', han', han' fer jes' a li'l minute,
Fer a lifetime, too;
She'll not fin' annoder man so true, true, true.

O Miss Ann Elizy!
Come an' walk wid me
T'rough de fragran' meado'
To de trystin' tree.
W'y is I all trembly?
(*Aside*) (I ain't got no san'!)
'Cas ye teched m' shoulder wid
Yer li'l black han'!

I's a-gwin' to ask her
('F I kin git de san')
'F she'll on'y le' me hol'
Her han', han', han' fer jes' a li'l minute,
Fer a lifetime, too;
She'll not fin' annoder man so true, true, true.

THE BASHFUL COON

O Miss Ann Elizy!
How yer eyes do shine,
Laik de fireflies dancin'—
Would dat you were mine!
Yes, I's gwin' to say it
(I's got heaps o' san'!):
'Til death parts, O, le' me hol'
Yer li'l black han'!

Now I's up an' ast her
(It took heaps o' san'!)
An' she's gwin' to le' me hol'
Her han', han', han' fer jes' a li'l minute,
Fer a lifetime, too;
Gol! But don't you wish that it was you, you, you!

THE FAR WEST AND NEW YORK

BENEATH the coppery sky, ablaze,
I pass long hours, I pass long days.
The airless nights crawl slowly by,
And thoughts, homesick, far westward fly.

I walk the hot, relentless paves
(The houses crowd like moldering graves),
And long, despairingly, to see
The western waves toss buoyantly.

I pass closed homes of millionaires —
Their owners? No one knows nor cares;
While children wail, not far away,
For ice and milk by night and day.

I see sick babies wan and worn,
And East-side mothers, pale, forlorn;
How swift there comes a memory bright
Of western children — heart's delight.

Infrequent parks beneath the moon
With weary derelicts are strewn;
And straight my visioning is blessed —
The moonlight glints on Rainier's breast.

I watch the sweltering crowds go by —
They care not if I live or die.
When can I go where winds blow free
Where roses bloom, where friends there be?

IN THE GARDEN OF THE VATICAN

The Guide Speaks

HERE is the seat whereon His Holiness
Loves best to sit — here by this ilex tree.

Ofttimes I've seen the care-lines smooth away
Whilst he would watch the yellow-banded bees
Sipping the honey from some lily rare;
Or, heavy leggèd with the dripping sweet,
Beat throbbingly their wings in homeward flight.

I've seen the shuttle of the loom we call
The mind repass across his features worn,
And carry threads of care, of pain, of grief —
Seldom of peace. And unbeknown to him
I've even seen him weep.

What's that you ask?
Find peace? Does he find peace? The good God knows.
That comes when one leans like a child on God —
That comes when every thought and act is prayer;
So he, as Vicar of the World, should find
It as the bees find honey in each flower.

(Here! Draw you back. He comes. Bend! Bless yourself!)

S-h-h! Now he's gone. And, mark ye, as I live,
He came to get that book you saw me with!

As I have said: His Holiness finds much
To grieve, within, without, the Vatican;
But that to me is neither here nor there,
I know my place, nor fret of God or man.

About that book? Yes, here's the matter full:
One day it fell, long, long ago, for I
Am old, yet 't was but yesterday it seems,
A gentleman, and grave, paced where you pace,
Questioned, as you, and spoke of Asolo,
And all his tones breathed love for Italy.
Then of some Pope — his name escaped me then —
He said the book he held he's writ himself.
Its name? I never asked, I cannot read.
I asked what he, no Catholic, had writ.

I know not how he spoke. An inward flame
Burst into speech as sunset clouds catch fire
From that swift falling ball; and as he read
My very soul grew big with unborn thoughts
Although the words he read were naught to me —
I doubt me an they are to anyone.

But here's a strange thing I've pondered long.
He left his book, and many times I've seen
His Holiness read and reread the script
(As did good Leo, Heaven rest his soul!)
With brooding brow, until the page is worn.
Mayhap he reads to scorch the wicked lie
With prayer and credo. You, with your largess

(God's blessing fall on your munificence!)
May know the rights of it — folly or truth.

(I use words as a sage, but pick them up,
As yonder parrot shrieking in the sun.)

Whate'er he meant, here's what the man read, So —

"Correct the portrait by the living face
Man's God, by God's God in the mind of man."

You see? 'Tis trash — mere jugglery of words.
Yet why does he, His Holiness, I ask,
Reflect on these?

Written after studying "The Ring and The Book" by Robert Browning.

FOR A GUEST BOOK

FAR through the star-lit night, o'er many a mile,
Your message draws me; lures me, too, your smile,
Until within your home you give me place,
Where, warmed and welcomed by your lovely face
I sit before your leaping fire-light
And find sweet rest.

May we, when comes the night
Of our transition to another sphere,
Feel the same eager haste — have no more fear
Than I, when seeking you. We then shall see
That Life is Love, and Love, Eternity!

UNDAUNTED

I SAID:
I would near the brink;
I would watch the wave;
I will stay on shore,
But the sight I crave.

I said:
I would be afloat;
I would sail an hour,
Where the tide runs smooth,
While the others cower.

I said:
I will venture out;
I am strong of arm.
Look! The ripples curve,
Yet they do no harm.

I said:
Ye are fools ashore
With your clam'rous cries.
Look at these ahead —
Yet,— their straining eyes.

UNDAUNTED

I said:

Why should they shriek out?
Why the shouts from shore?
This is Life!
Is this Death
In the whirlpool's roar?

DESIRE

LOVE comes! It may come soon or late,
It comes — a thing so sweet
Nor hope, ambition, youth nor joy,
Without it is complete.

L'Envoi

Ah Love! All other gifts men crave have I!
Come thou to me, nor pass me by!

GEMINI

HOPE came, a fluttering, new-born thing,
From matrix of a deep and dark despair.
Amazed, I dared not grasp the vision fair,
For fear 'twould disappear in upper air,
On radiant wing.

Joy followed, twin of Hope divine:
So closely followed that they seemed but one.
No matter now whatever work begun,
Life's Gemini will crown the victory won,
I'll not repine!

DREAMING OF YOU

A SEA-GULL drifting o'er me,
Beneath, the waves — deep blue;
Yet I close my eyes, O, gladly,
To dream of you!

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of you, of you;
Thrilling with bliss at the thought of your kiss,
Dreaming, Sweetheart, of you.

A gorge in snow-capped mountains,
A torrent rushing through;
Yet I close my eyes, O, gladly,
To dream of you!

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of you, of you;
Thrilling with bliss at the thought of your kiss,
Dreaming, Sweetheart, of you.

BELLS OF HOPE

THE morning dawns in splendor bright, the bells are rung.
Away, sad visions of the night, the day's begun!

Hear that loud peal that comes through ambient air?
'Tis like to Moslem's drum, that calls to prayer.

Hope! for the day's begun — why should you fear?
Have courage! rise like the sun — success is near.

The bells clash louder yet and thrill the heart:
Come! now your past forget — fulfil your part.

Have hope! Welcome the fray, of word or deed.
Have hope, let come what may — and you'll succeed!

THE NIGHTINGALE

BENEATH the vestal light of Vera's beam
The lily, pallid white, breathes on the air
A scented sigh, as, slim and tall and fair
She waits, translucent, here beside the stream
Whose rippling waters give back gleam for gleam
Of silver light that star and lily share:
She waits, imprisoned, almost in despair,
When hark! her lover's call comes, sweet, supreme,
From out the temple of the azure night.
The stoutest prison bars would be more frail
Than floating cobwebs to withstand the strain
Of yearning lily and her ardent swain,
The while he fills the air with pure delight
And trills his nuptial song — the nightingale!

A VIKING OF THE PRAIRIES

John J. Ingalls *

A SPLENDID Viking in the days of old
Chose as his own dominion of the sea,
Whose blue-green waves dashed calm, tumultuously,
And calm again, as Luna's power controlled.
His will was all supreme; his words cajoled,
Inspired, froze; his men bowed low the knee
To him, the Master of their destiny —
And ever seemed his soul aloof, and cold.

A viking in the realm of words sought place,—
Chose as his own the rolling prairie state
Whose blue-green miles sweep wide as does the sea.
His soul aloof cared not for populace
But strove alway to keep the Nation great —
INGALLS, Master of Opportunity.

* Ingalls' ancestors were Vikings.

OLD HOME WEEK

ARE you coming for Old Home Week,
Back to your native state?
From the dizzy heat of the cities' street
Come, ere it be too late.

Are you coming for Old Home Week?
Your mother's trembling prayer
In the dim fire-light or soft star-light,
Begs God to guide you there.

Are you coming for Old Home Week,
To be a child once more?
To list to the rain on the roof again,
And eat from the orchard's store.

Are you coming for Old Home Week?
Home to the farm on the hill;
Where the locusts hum and the partridge drum,
And the nights are cool and still.

Are you coming for Old Home Week?
To look from the old back door
On the ripening wheat in the simmering heat,
As you oft have gazed before.

Are you coming for Old Home Week,
To drive the cows through the lane?
To pitch up the hay in the wide deep bay
In an old red barn again?

OLD HOME WEEK

Are you coming for Old Home Week,
To fish in the deep, dark pool?
Where there is no doubt there are speckled trout
In water still and cool.

Are you coming for Old Home Week?
Though the old folks have passed away;
You can lie on the sod, in the silence of God,
And remember and weep and pray.

Are you coming for Old Home Week,
Back to your native state?
To the quiet and calm of the old home farm,
Come, ere it be too late.

GOD'S MYSTERY

INTO my heart there came a harbinger of spring; —
A something vague, and undefined
As that strange change which comes in one night's dark,
And when the daylight falls, we say, " The spring is here."
Frozen and cold my heart pulsed wearily,
Like mountain torrent 'cased in icy fold;
Which held its joy and song within itself
Nor thought 'twould e'er again find utterance.
But lo! A warm, encircling, penetrating light,
Like sun of spring to snow-enshrouded fount,
Came close and closer yet, from out life's void,
And wrought God's Mystery!
The icy band which seals the streamlet's flow,
Makes music as it slowly melts away;
So does the frost-cold casing 'round my heart,
Yield to the warmth of love most gratefully.
No more the song and joy will be confined;
No more will be the pent up ecstasy!
Like rippling flow of waters long repressed,
My heart sings joyously, " Love, Love is here! "

THE NYMPH OF GOLDSTREAM

(Goldstream Canyon is near Victoria, B. C.)

DRAPED with a veil of lichen soft and gray,
With sword-ferns guarding from each vagrant breeze,
The nymph of Goldstream sings all night, all day,
Abiding shy beneath the ancient trees.

Long has she waited for her lover bold,
The while the Red Man came and wooed and sighed;
Then he, undone, made way for one of old,
Who bore the arms of England at his side.

The song she sang for them she sings to-day,
Though gone the Red Men, gone the H. B. C.*
List as she ripples on her ceaseless way!
What does she whisper? Love, she sings of thee!

* Hudson's Bay Company.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

WHEN the winter rains fell gently o'er the parched
and sun-dried earth,
There was lack of grass up-growing, and of flowers there
was dearth;
But a wonder, consummated, changed each mountain, valley,
slope,
For the poppies bloomed in splendor,— bright-winged mes-
sengers of hope.

Favoring winds and steadfast compass sped the hardy
Argonaut,
As across the ocean's foaming came a ship with high hopes
fraught.
And the Jasons, looking landward, wearied, anxious, eager-
eyed,
Gazed, bewildered, yet rejoicing, at the gold spread far and
wide.

Brilliant, glorious, rich, soul-filling, poppy myriads nodded,
leaned,
As the breezes rustled o'er them, velvet-cut and satin-
sheened.
Fold on fold, each flower opening, glinted fair — O won-
drous sight!
Swift sun-springing, gorgeous blossoms scattered gold
'twixt night and night.

To the sturdy men adventuring to the West by land or main
California's yellow poppies presage were of hidden gain.
Who shall say if gold-tipped plant-stalks point not deep,—
divining rod,—
To the gold that's formed in silence by the alchemy of God.

THE STREET WALKER

I WAS the toast of many who boast,—
Of those who 've had lights o' fancy;
My room hard by, is quite near the sky,
My name? Oh, call me Nancy.
While village maids tie up their braids,
Ere dreaming, perchance, of a lover,
I set my cap for a passing chap,
And if he's "wise," another.

I loved, ah yes! how well you guess,
The years they seem full many.
The rest, you know — and I had to go
Where I'd earn any sort of a penny.
'T was the easiest way, so the fools, they say;
And the time, at first, passed quickly;
For my eyes were bright, and my tongue was light,
When the wine did n't queer speech thickly.

But hard and fast — it could not last,
For the pace is swift and killing;
And the men who buy have a roving eye,
And there's always those who 're willing.
Does my mother know? My God, oh, *no!*
She thinks I work for my betters:
If you'll step hard by, to my room, sky-high,
I'll show you some of her letters.

So you dare not come and your lips are dumb,
Though your eyes are full of pity.
I'd like to forget that I am " to let "—
Street walker of the city.
I'd like to talk of a country walk
Where the buttercups are blowing;
And just pretend that there was an end —
I can make it true? — I'm going!

I was the toast of the Broadway host,
I've been a light o' fancy;
My room hard by is quite near the sky;
My name? It is *not* Nancy.
I'll pack my grip at a rattling clip —
You've talked to me like a brother —
The Great White Lights may gleam o' nights;
But I 'll be home with my mother!

UCSB LIBRARY
X-52453

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 619 399 9